FIGHTING FIRE ABOARD A MODERN LINER AT SEA

What Happens When Captain and Crew Combat Flames Out on Ocean Away From Any Possible Help

By A MERCHANT MARINE CADET

MERCHANT ships sailing the waters of the English Channel and the North Sea are now imperilled by mines and torpedoes in addition to the ordinary dangers incident upon navigation. The Carib and the Evelyn are proof of this fact. But even in times of peace fire, fog and the chance of collision with an unlighted sailing ship or a derelict, to say nothing of storms, furnish excitement enough to suit even the most adventurously inclined. Few among the landsmen realize just what it means to fight for one's life out on the ocean, away from any possible assistance. Let us for a moment consider the matter.

The affair of La Touraine is too fresh in the minds of all to require more than bare mention, but a knowledge of the methods employed in combating a fire at sea will help to understand the things that occurred.

In every ship carrying passengers the law requires that there shall be posted in a conspicuous place what is known as a station bill, giving the post of duty for every man in the deck, engineer and steward's departments in case of fire or abandoning ship. The law further requires that there shall be drills once each week at least, and that during the stay of a ship in port these drills must be performed in the presence of a United States inspector of steamships. This is done to insure orderly and prompt action against any danger that may threaten. During these drills the pumps are tried out, and all the apparatus must work to the satisfaction of the inspector or the ship will not be permitted to sail until repairs have been made and everything works as it should.

Some ships are provided with tubes let into the deck and extending into the holds containing thermometers, which are examined every four hours. Any suspicious increase in temperature brings about immediate and thorough investigation. In this way the presence of fire can be discovered before it gains serious headway.

There is a rapid ringing of the ship's bell for about a minute. Instantly there is a change throughout the ship. Where but a moment before things were going on in the manner prescribed by the daily routine, now all is activity. Men get to their fire stations with the alacrity induced by danger.

Sailors under the direction of the officers get out hose lines and appear with axes and lanterns. One group is ripping the battenings off the main hatch, where the fire has been detected. They drag the canvas away and open the booby hatch (a small opening in the large hatch cover) and immediately there pours out a column of dense black smoke.

Two or three men make an attempt to go down, but after two or three trials they are obliged to give it up. The captain gives the order to flood the hold and turn on the steam lines. Hose is pushed into the opening, which by now resembles a crater, for the air admitted by taking the cover off has fed the flames and smoke and flame roll out in alarming quantities.

Suddenly the hose fills out and the swish of water under high pressure is heard. At almost the same time far below in the smoke filled hold the hissing and roaring of liberated steam reach the anxious ears on deck. The pipes connecting with the boilers have been put into use and the fire is already beginning to feel the choke of the steam as it keeps the air away and settles over everything in a dense, damp cloud. While some pumps are throwing tons of water into the hold others are hard at work taking that same water out, for any great amount of water sloshing about would endanger the stability of the vessel.

Up in his cramped quarters Sparks is working with all his skill to pick up some station ashore and flash the wireless call for help. The spark crackles and crashes, then stops. Sparks snaps shut a switch, and then with deft fingers making an adjustment here and there listens in for the faint buzz that announces that his call has been heard. There comes just a series of faint buzzes, like the noise of a fly on a drowsy summer afternoon. At once the operator is galvanized into action. Again the spark crashes out the ship's position and need. Soon ships alter their courses and with all possible speed make for the threatened ship, to stand by in case of need.

Perhaps the crew are able to master the blaze. And again, and this is a danger that always stares them in the face, perhaps they can't. What happens then is not always pleasant to think about. You will doubtless recall the burning of the Uranium liner Volturno and the lives that were lost then while other ships stood by helpless. That is what is likely to happen when the blaze gets beyond control. And this is only one of the dangers that every seagoing ship must face.

In addition to the fire among cargo there is a more frequent kind of fire that occurs on steamships. That is the bunker fire. That it is a serious danger is shown by the fact that Lloyd's of London demand that the coal on ships they insure be wetted thoroughly before being stowed away in the bunkers.

Of all the tedious, backbreaking, hot, uncomfortable jobs that fall to the lot of steamer crews, fighting bunker fires head the list. All the coal has to be shifted out of its place, shovel by shovel, and wetted down. When the heart of the smouldering mass is reached the water gives rise to steam and gas, which add to the difficulties of fighting the blaze. Moreover, it can't be subdued in a few hours. It takes days and sometimes weeks. And, too, cargo of an inflammable nature is imperilled by such a fire.

The Chipana of the Grace Line left the west coast of South America with a cargo of sodium nitrate stowed near one of the bunkers. Fire broke out in that bunker. On the other side was this highly inflammable material stowed a scant six feet away from the dividing bulkhead. In the time that followed the discovery of the fire the bulkhead was actually red hot and the crew were obliged to keep streams of water on that iron partition during the run from the west coast until Philadelphia was reached. For forty-six days the entire crew and officers, purser included, fought that fire. Several times it seemed as though they would be obliged to give up the struggle, but they stuck to it and kept it under partial control until such time as it could be properly extinguished.

When a sailing vessel takes fire it is a case of man the hand pumps unless the ship should be a modern one and carry a donkey engine and a steam pump. Those of wooden construction offer very little resistance to the fire once it gets headway, and it is generally a case of all off when a windjammer is discovered to be afire.

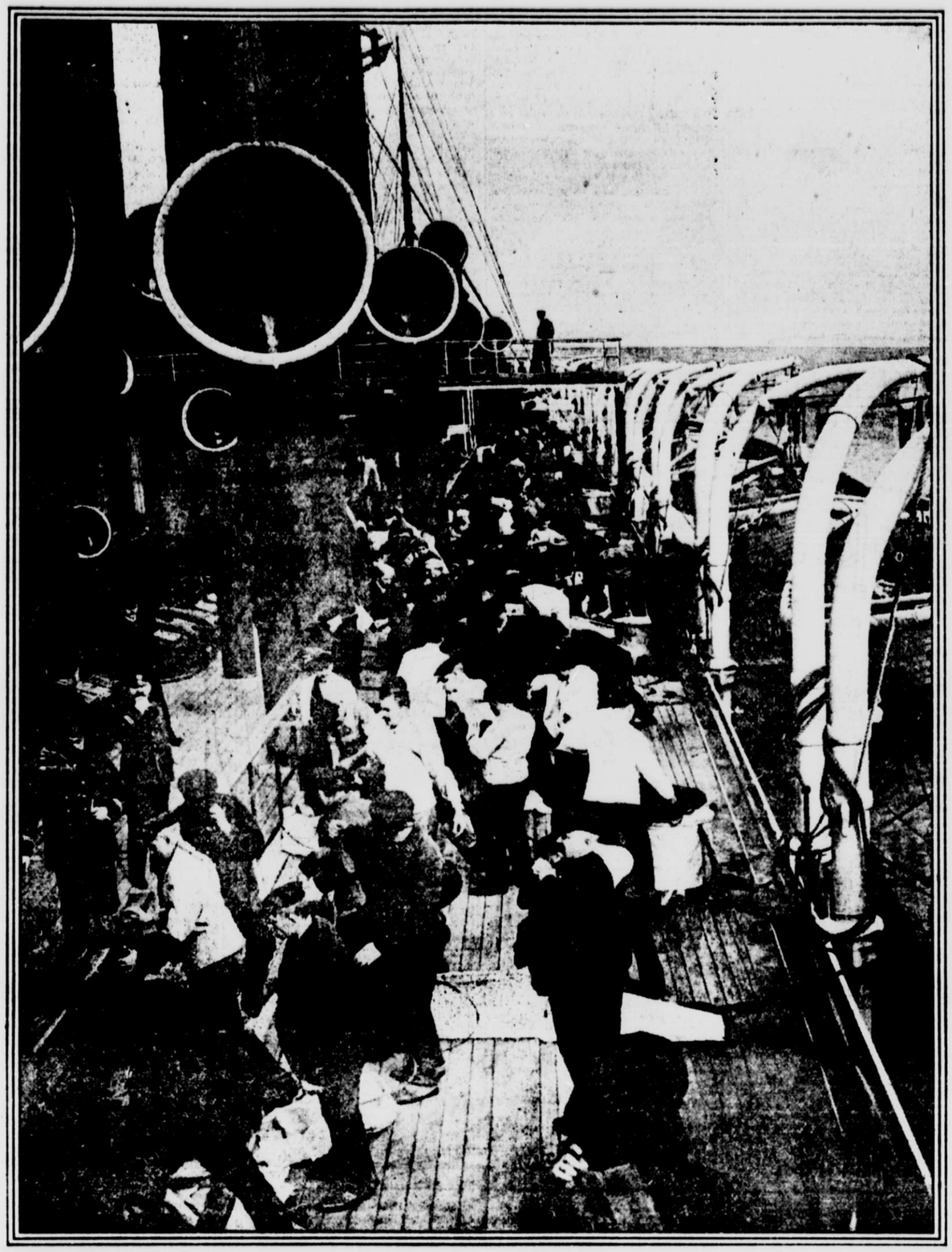
The man who wrote "A Life on the Ocean Wave" certainly never fought a bunker fire.

More common than fire and quite as dangerous is that gray spectre, fog. Almost all ocean travellers have at one time or another been in a fog. Whether or not they were uncomfortable depended largely on their realization of what can happen in a fog. In spite of carefully devised rules for the guidance of a fogbound ship, and in spite of the most painstaking care on the part of the officers in charge, accidents, and some very serious ones, occur. It seems as though the sea resented all attempts to legislate it into safety, and every once in a while came to the front with a bad accident by way of showing its contempt for man made laws.

The afternoon is quiet, with a smooth, oily sea running. A slight haze is noticeable on the horizon, and the barometer has been dropping steadily. Aboard, passengers are sleeping or amusing themselves, and the crew stand their sea watches. Do you see that bit of cloud bank lying low on the horizon? Watch it.

As the ship draws nearer and nearer it resolves itself into a barrier of thick gray vapor, reaching from the water to the sky above. In a moment the ship plunges into it. At once you feel the change from the warm, sunny afternoon, for the thick, damp, all enveloping mantle of the fog is around you.

Almost immediately one can feel the change in the ship's speed. The engines have changed their impatient straining to a very leisurely plodding.



A lifeboat drill on an ocean liner.

Fogs and Derelicts Add to Dangers of Navigation---Multitudinous Duties of Commanders

All around you things begin to glisten and drip with the fog. You go into the saloon determined to read, as the weather is too nasty to remain on deck. Just as you settle yourself comfortably with a favorite book there comes a mournful bellow from above, as though the ship had lost her way in the fog and was calling for help. Reading and sleep alike become impossible after that. In time that nerve racking wail from the siren has its effect on you and unconsciously you wait for the crash of collision, while all the stories of ships sunk in fog run through your mind with unpleasant vividness.

To some natures it is consoling to think that the officers are not without their troubles too. On the bridge the officers on watch are in dripping oilskins, looking like figures carved from polished onyx as they stand motionless with their ears straining for the faintest answering blast of siren to come through the mist about them. The captain, that autocrat, stands there, too. He is most concerned of all, for he is held responsible for all that may occur. Extra lookouts have been posted, and every one is on the qui vive.

Below in the engine room they are as much concerned as on the bridge—if anything, more so, for upon them devolves the task of obeying directions promptly and with good judgment.

The engineer on watch scarcely moves from the throttle and reverse lever. With slow, ponderous dignity the engines are turning over at half speed. Suddenly the harsh jangle of the engine room telegraph shatters the quiet and sends the blood pounding through every man's veins. Full speed astern!

With lightninglike rapidity the valve links swing over in obedience to the push of the reversing gear and the engines pound furiously, while the ship quivers in every plate. Each man braces himself for the expected shock, not knowing from what quarter it will come. And each man is wondering if she will go down too quickly to give him his chance.

For a moment there is a terrific nervous tension in that hot engine room while waiting for the expected shock. There is another jangle and the telegraph dial shows half speed ahead. The whole thing has been a false alarm. But let me assure the reader that one of those same false alarms will do any ordinary person for the rest of his natural life.

Not all such incidents have the same happy ending. Far from it. Some years ago the Merida of the Ward were picked up shortly after by one of the vessels responding to the distress call.

Within a still shorter time the New York of the American Line was in a collision with the Pretoria of the Hamburg-American Line. Some forty of the New York's bow plates were injured and it was due only to the clipper bow of that vessel that she was not sent to the bottom. One of the Pretoria's anchors remained fixed in the New York and was brought back to port by that vessel. These are but two incidents out of many that have occurred and ones in which there was fortunately no loss of life. Fog is another of the perils the seafaring man must face.

Along the coast there are men in command of small sailing vessels who are such close managers that despite all governmental regulations to the contrary they run at night without lights and trust to their lookout and luck to avoid being run down by a steamer. Such men are the cause of much whole hearted profanity on the part of steamship officers.

On a fine dark night some steamer will go bowling along at eighteen knots. Her lookout and the officer on the bridge will be straining their eyes for any indication of a windjammer. Because the night is as black as a nigger in a dark cellar on the night of an eclipse none of them is able to see a thing in the path of the steamer. It is very much like playing blind man's buff, you can't see where you're going, but have to sense your way.

All at once directly in the steamer's path, perhaps less than half a mile off, burns a blue flare. The officer reaches the wheelhouse from the wing of the bridge in exactly one jump and sings out to the quartermaster to swing her. When his heart goes down out of his throat into its normal position and his breath returns he proceeds to discourse on the ancestry, character, traits and future life of any such man who would run without lights. And the escapes are very narrow sometimes. Down in the West Indies such things are of frequent occurrence because of the large number of small schooners that run between the islands.

Own brother to but far worse than the unlighted schooner is the derelict, some ship abandoned in midocean in a sinking condition. The crew leave and for some reason the vessel does not sink but drifts around at the mercy of the wind and waves, a continual menace to life and property. It is practically impossible to see a derelict until one is almost on top of it because generally they are partially submerged. They are sure to crumple up the bow of the steamer unfortunate enough to strike them because they are heavy and waterlogged. Many a ship has never been heard of again, and her disappearance has been laid at the door of the derelict.

One of the multifold duties of the United States revenue cutter service is to hunt down and destroy these pests of the ocean. When a ship sights one the exact position of the derelict is given to the United States revenue cutter service, which then despatches a cutter to hunt for the Wandering Jew of the ocean.

Sometimes weather conditions are such that it is impossible to get a position from the sun, and the ship has to be navigated on dead reckoning. After two or three days of this there is likely to be an error in determining the correct position of the ship. When in a sea studded with reefs, islands and sand bars, as in West Indian waters, even a mile or two of error is enough to send a ship on the beach. During a spell of thick weather last January the steamship Bologna of an Italian line went ashore on the Island of Curacao, one of the Dutch possessions in the New World. Her commander had made some slight error in his work, and in a thick haze the ship went on the beach at night. She passed over the bordering reef and jammed herself into the sand of the beach. Wrecking experts have decided to blow a portion of the reef from under her bottom, and in that way attempt to float her.

The dangers that threaten a ship in the performance of her work under normal conditions are always likely to materialize. One never knows the exact moment to expect fog, fire or collision. The lives of the passengers and the property of the company are in the hands of the captain and his mates. And the law holds him responsible for whatever may occur. Should a court of inquiry find him guilty of unskilfulness or neglect, a suspension or even a revocation of his license follows.

PRESIDENT OF PRODUCE EXCHANGE DEFENDS WHEAT SPECULATORS---James Ward Warner Says Business and Have No Thought of Rise in Price of Bread Men Are Doing Legitimate

HERE'S the chain of reasoning that links up this particular story with the boost in the price of bread. The loaf has jumped from 5 to 6 cents. It takes wheat to make bread. The wheat dealers of consequence and prestige in New York are members of the New York Produce Exchange. James Ward Warner is the president of the New York Produce Exchange. Ergo, run an interview wire between James Ward Warner and the penny in the price of the loaf and set off the blast. From the mass of views and opinions unloosened there ought to be enough foundation stone to build a good bread story.

This sort of logic brought me to President Warner's office in the Produce Exchange the other day. He knew I was coming, but as he didn't know exactly the topic for talk he of course answered all queries impromptu. So that what he said as I relate it here represents what he just naturally, unpreparedly and ordinarily thinks about business, bread, war, prosperity and general outlook.

It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Warner would prove to be a sentimentalist. And he didn't. But on the other hand it was natural to suppose that a man of his prominence, intimately connected both personally and officially with the purchase and sale of products over which there is considerable public agitation just now, might not wish unreservedly to discuss this particular produce topic, but he did discuss it very frankly. And he voiced very unsentimental views.

President Warner is a pleasant, self-contained man—a benignant visaged man. Not a man you would set down for being cold blooded or calloused in his views regarding the suffering that may ensue as a consequence of a rise in the price of a necessity. And you would be right, for he isn't either. But there are ultra humanitarians who might criticise the frankness of his business principles. With him the economic propositions inexorably bound up with trade and commerce must ever be considered—well, if not always first, at least nearly always. He struck the keynote of his beliefs and his principles when he said to me almost at the start:

"Speculators in wheat cannot be blamed for making money at this time any more than at any other time. The laws against conspiracies in the restraint of trade indicate what men shall not do in trade. Speculators who do not violate any law have the right to make all the money they plan to make. I cannot see how you can prevent them doing so—I cannot agree that you should do so if you could.

"Sentimentality and business are two different things. If you are a successful sentimentalist it is because you have pursued sentimentality in a businesslike way. If you are a successful business man it is because you have pursued business in a businesslike way. When affairs of city, State and nation are not conducted according to business principles things go to pot. Speculation in wheat is legitimate. Upset the right to speculate and you attack all business."

"But would it be possible to arrange some sort of a limitation to speculation in the necessities of life so that the poor might not be so hard hit when speculation may force prices up?" I ventured.

"How are you going to do it?" returned Mr Warner. "Attempt it and you undermine the entire fabric of business. You would have to extend your curb to the products that are not necessities in order to be fair. Economic conditions in the world carry with them the right to speculate. Overthrow or disturb these conditions and you face panic."

"Mr. Warner, many people think that when speculators see and know that poor people are hurt by the rise in prices they ought to give a thought to their fellows, especially as their gains mount up. Many people believe that speculators do think of their fellows and don't care."

"Why, that isn't so at all," said the president of the exchange. "Speculators take the greatest of risks in backing their judgment as to what future prices will be. They stand or fall alone in this risk. Their judgment may be bad. They may lose heavily because of their mistakes. Their individual good or bad fortune is enough to occupy their minds fully. The public—neither the rich, the middle class nor the poor—pays no heed to their losses or mishaps. The money to pay the price for their own loaf of bread lies in their speculation. A man's mind is brimful of his own risks and troubles when he speculates.

"You cannot say the speculator doesn't care. The fact is, very likely, that he never gives the addition of a cent to the price of a loaf of bread a single thought. His brain is running in a different groove. A man might become absorbed in a game of chess on the winning of which depended the loss or gain of $1,000. While he played one of the very spectators of the game might be starving. But the man playing would not give him a thought. You would not say he was callous to the hunger of the spectator because he did not think of him while playing the game.

"The speculator in pursuing his business, even though it result in the advance of the price of bread, is no more cold hearted than many a complaining bread buyer may be. How? Why, by buying bread where it is cheapest regardless of the reasons for its being so cheap. Does the purchaser care, in many cases, whether a cent less on a loaf means possibly less wage for the man employed in baking the bread? Does the purchaser of anything, as a rule, offer to pay more for a thing than is asked, for sentimental or humanitarian reasons?

"But, as I have said, speculators do not give the rise in the price of bread a thought in their business. It is remote from their transactions. The wheat they sell goes through too many hands after it leaves their control. Do not put them down as cold blooded, heartless people, who are able to put up the price of a necessity because another penny can be dragged from the poor.

"Besides, how can you hold them responsible? There is a mighty demand for wheat just now. It is so unusually sought that as a consequence the price goes up. If people must have wheat at a particular time the one way of convincing the seller that they must have it is to offer him more money. This higher price unlocks the wheat. Then if another seller foresees that more wheat must be had he knows that the price will go up again to get it when wanted.

"Naturally when there's heavy demand for grain with an offer of more money the price of grain goes up. Naturally the grain seller with a prospect of greater gain will not sell to the flour manufacturer unless he gets the current higher price. Naturally the flour man does not propose to pay the increase of price from his own pocket, and up goes the cost of the manufactured product to the big bakery corporations.

"The big baker advances the price to the little baker. The little baker feels he cannot stand paying the advance, and so up goes the loaf. Now I hardly see how you can hold the speculator responsible for the working out of the old law of supply and demand consequences. And I don't see how you're going to help it, altogether. It's an economic condition."

Much of the murmuring about town over the increase of one cent in the price of the bread loaf had been based on the accusation that as no advance had yet been made by the flour manufacturers in the prices to the bakers there was no necessity for the raise. In other words the stock of flour the bakers had on hand had been purchased at the lower prices of wheat, so that they had not yet been forced to increase their price through the higher prices of flour. This was brought to Mr. Warner's attention for an opinion. It was at this point that his business pronouncements were at their iciest:

"A baker has a right to raise his prices even if he is baking bread from flour that has not recently been raised in price. His right is within law and business probity. Just the same as any other class of tradesman he has the right to look into the future, measure up what he will have to encounter that may profit him or hurt him financially and make his arrangements accordingly.

"He has a right to plan to offset a threatening business reverse at any time. He need not wait until the reverse overtakes him before he sets his plans in motion. It is the economic condition again. Something might have arisen in his business whereby he might have had to sell bread at a reduction in price. He might have had to sustain a loss on flour already bought. All of these things happen in business life. A business man has the undoubted right to fix prices that will be most advantageous to himself at any time.

"It is very plain that were a baker to raise prices at any time he would run the risk of losing trade. His customers would go where they could get bread at the old price. So it seems to me this is a sure enough preventive of price raising when it can be avoided. If the baker in the exercise of his right, but cold bloodedly, as his customers might say, raises the price of his bread he takes the risk of his customers, quite as cold-bloodedly, quitting him. With such a deterrent why rail against his right?

"The meeting of a body of bakers deliberately to raise the price of bread of course might be deemed conspiracy. Or, if the bakers met just to consider a critical situation in their trade and as an outcome of the meeting raised the rice of bread as a matter of self-preservation their action, in the opinion of some, would still be conspiracy. But certainly the individual baker could not be charged with conspiracy or cold bloodedness for making an advance. It is clearly within his business right.

"I think you will find that a large number will not think it wise to raise. This so-called war cause cannot last long, and as the baker acts now with his customer so will the future good will of the customer be retained or lost.

"Talking of cold hearted speculators, take farmers themselves, the very raisers of the wheat in the first place. Why farmers are often the most radical sort of speculators. Why right now in these penny more a loaf times I've been told of farmers who are keeping their own grain right with them on their farms and actually sending to Chicago to buy 5,000 bushels or so on a 'spec.' Yes, they intend to hold their own grain and the grain they buy for the better prices they are sure will come.

"The farmer is naturally bullish in his trading. He reasons out the changes that the future will bring in a bullish way. It's the way of the American farmer. He is always sanguine of a good yield and a good price. He is less inclined to be overcautious and pessimistic with respect to his crop than the farmer of other countries. This may account for his willingness to speculate. And remember that if he, right at the source of the fixing of the price of the loaf of bread, is willing to speculate you can hardly condemn the speculator who is not a farmer.

"No, I don't believe an embargo on wheat or a restriction of foreign shipments in any way would alter conditions so as to benefit the poorer consumer. I think an embargo would work harm to the very ones who should not be harmed, or the very ones most active in having the embargo placed."

There was a switch of a few moments at this point to the ship bill recently defeated in Congress. Mr. Warner declared emphatically the defeat was a praiseworthy piece of work. He pointed out that all of the large trade and business organizations of the city has been against the measure. Then an observation I made in passing back to the grain speculation topic brought forth another smash from the president of the Produce Exchange to prove how preposterous it is to try to blend business and sentiment.

"There are a number of people, Mr. Warner, who think the capitalists of the country are not as patriotic as they should be in helping to build up a great merchant marine with the American flag floating from American ships in commanding numbers all over the world."

"Patriotic?" echoed Mr. Warner, patriotic? Why the time for a man to show his patriotism is when the country is in danger. Why seek to tie up patriotism with business? If a business man's country is in peril then and there he may rightfully be patriotic, but otherwise how can you call it patriotic for him to upset his business?"

"By what sort of reasoning do you make it right that a man shall invest his capital in a venture that yields him but a fraction of what he can make it yield him elsewhere? Because it's a particular enterprise of his country or to which a percentage of his countrymen are committed shall he put his money in it for a less profitable return? It is not proper that he should. Nor can you call him lacking in patriotism because he refuses to conduct himself in such an unbusinesslike way.

"In brief, the present American laws make it more expensive to run an American ship than one sailing under, say, the British flag. Yet British ships are as well manned and as well sailed and as safely and as expeditiously handled as vessels bound by American navigation laws. I have been told that because of these laws the cost of sailing an American vessel is fully 25 per cent. more than the cost of sailing the vessels of other nations. Patriotism isn't needed. A change in the navigation laws would be better.

"Effect of the war? I don't believe the war will pinch us any more than it has—and opinions may vary as to how much or how little this has been. The little jolts the country got at the start have ceased now. It has taken all these months for shippers and carriers to get over the first scare of the war. Now the machinery has got oiled and shippers and shippees on both sides of the Atlantic have recovered their poise and confidence. Why, they're accepting and delivering cargoes now that they would have been scared to death to take out of port at the start of the war.

"And they're going right through this newly plotted out war zone with them. We were so unused to a big war in which the ocean played a prominent part that we rather lost our heads for a time. Now it's all straightened out and commerce is flourishing despite all you hear of its being encompassed with perils.

"Without doubt we shall benefit by the war. We are bound to build up a trade where those now in distress cannot go. This building up will be at the expense of the traders and shippers of other nations, but that we cannot help. It is no mean advantage we take. Just economic conditions again.

"So far as the outlook is concerned, I feel that I have no right to be anything but optimistic."

At this point it might be said that Mr. Warner came as near to smiling as his calm, businesslike expression of countenance will permit. It was a prelude to a joking annex to his last remark, and I made special note.

"And the reason I feel optimistic is because things have been at such a low ebb that any movement of the tide is bound to bring us to something better. Just before the war—I don't know exactly how they got the figures—they said we owed Europe between $200,000,000 and $500,000,000. Current indebtedness, you know, not bonds or long time obligations. Now, however, Europe is shipping us gold. This surely indicates that our prosperity is increasing with the war. But in the enlargement of our shipping trade through the distress of other nations, we must remember that it is not gold alone that we want back. Gold alone doesn't indicate prosperity. We want products of other countries.

"It is also a corroborative fact that we are now selling and shipping more grain than ever. This is another clincher for optimism. And because of this increase in the selling and shipping it may be safely taken for granted that the yield of wheat for the next yielding period will be greater than ever before. The high prices obtainable will make it profitable to plant.

"Last year the yield of wheat was 900,000,000 bushels approximately. There is no doubt that the wheat acreage will be so increased because of prices obtainable that a round 1,000,000,000 bushels may confidently be expected for the next total yield.

Rising Prices, Strong Demand This Condition Makes It Practically Certain.

"Of course it isn't grain alone that indicates the prosperity or lack of prosperity in a nation. I speak only for my department of business. There are many industries that show how we stand. The steel industry, for instance. The better treatment of the railroads, the permission granted them to increase rates will go far to making things better.

"The Federal reserve innovation? It's hard to tell exactly how much of a benefit it will prove. We don't want and we don't expect a panic, but I think it will take a panic or an impending panic to prove the worth of the legislation framed to smooth the troubled waters of finance in time of crisis.

"I've been subpœnaed to appear before the committee that is trying to find out the why and the wherefore of the increase in the price of necessities. They may have questions and topics other than we have discussed, but with respect to the sole topic of speculation I don't know that there is anything more obtainable from me than you have heard from me now.

"The fact is that men who go in for speculation in any commodity are under no necessity to give a thought to the many ramifications of effect that are consequent on the speculative cause. They are really far away, or above or out of the consequences. It's a matter of viewpoint.

"The speculative viewpoint does not take in whether or not bread will go up a penny if the price of wheat rises. You would wrong speculators if you said that in the face of prayers, appeals and suffering they did all they could to put up the price of wheat, knowing the loaf must go up in price also. They are no more culpably connected with the hardship that may come from penny more a loaf conditions than they are with the results of a change in fashions."

"And patriotism and business should never be mingled?" I recalled to the president of the Produce Exchange on leaving.

"Never should be done. They are not twins—they don't even belong to the same family. Patriotism for peril, but business for business."

Old Dr. Samuel Johnson is recorded as asserting "Patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels." There's no doubt President James Ward Warner of the New York Produce Exchange is in thorough accord with the sentiment.